

PS 2675  
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ॐ CHRISTMAS  
CHIME



# A Christmas Chime

"And all the bells on earth shall ring  
On Christmas day in the morning."

*compiled  
by A.D.  
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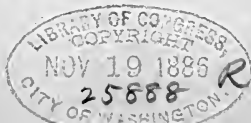
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IT came upon the midnight clear,  
That glorious song of old,  
From Angels bending near the earth  
To touch their harps of gold:

“Peace on the earth ; good-will to men,  
From heaven’s all-gracious King.”  
The world in solemn stillness lay  
To hear the Angels sing.



GLORY to God! the lofty strains  
The realm of ether fills;  
How sweeps the song of solemn joy  
O'er Judah's sacred hills!

"Glory to God!" the sounding skies  
Loud with their Anthems ring:  
"Peace on the earth; good-will to men,  
From heaven's Eternal King."





THOSE voices from on high are mute ;  
The star the wise men saw is dim ;  
But hope still guides the wanderer's foot,  
And Faith renews the Angel-hymn :

Glory to God in loftiest heaven,—  
Touch with glad hand the ancient chord—  
Good tidings unto man forgiven ;  
Peace from the presence of the Lord.



OUT in the midnight's white and starry splendor  
Once more the glad bells ring;  
While softer human voices, sweet and tender,  
With songs of Christmas sing.

The whole clear night seems bending low to listen,  
The Church lifts up its cross ;  
And solitary, snow-capped mountains glisten,  
And blue seas flash and toss.



AND clear to-day, as long ago,  
The Angel-chorus echoes still  
Above the clamor and the throe  
Of human passion, human woe—  
Good-will and peace. Peace and good-will.

Through eighteen hundred stormy years  
The dear notes ring and will not cease ;  
And past all mists of mortal tears  
The guiding star rebukes our fears—  
Peace and good-will. Good-will and peace.



Ⓐ HYMN of Hope to the Ages,  
The music of deathless Trust,  
No frenzy of mortal rages  
Can darken with doubt or dust—

A rapture of high evangels,  
But centered in sacred calms!  
Ah! still the chorus of Angels  
Thrills over the Bethlehem Palms.





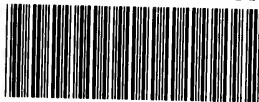
**T**ILL heralds the day-spring tender,  
That never can melt or close,  
Till the noon of its deepening splendor  
Out-blooms like a mystic rose,

Whose petals are rays supernal  
Of Love that has all sufficed—  
And whose heart is the grace eternal  
Of the fathomless peace of Christ.





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